



# Mind Of An Upset Writer



adhd writer upset

👁 35 ✓ 3 ★ 4

## Chapter 1 by Cole Cole

He had always enjoyed writing books, never reading, but writing. His ADHD made it very difficult to write, but he still enjoyed writing. He never thought he was a very good writer, despite what his parents say. He never showed his friends his stories because, well, not that he didn't want to, its just he didn't want to bother the few friends that he had.

## Chapter 2 by Rix Quill



He had a shelf in his flat where he kept his scripts. If ever he had visitors, he'd cover up the folders, files and notebooks with a sheet.

One visiting friend, Bernard from work, went to lift the sheet asking, "What's behind the sheet, Eugene?"

His ADHD kicked in and Eugene kicked Bernard all the way down two flights of stairs to the sidewalk. "And next time, keep your grubby digits off my sheet," he shouted after him.

He remained troubled and upset by the fact that he was unable or unwilling to share his stories with anyone or even admit he was writing.

Some months later, Eugene summoned up the courage to attend a Creative Writers' Extravaganza at his local university. Half way through the first lecture by top crime author Sid Mackintosh, on the subject of Don't Tell It - Show It, Eugene began tapping his biro on the back of the chair in front of him. Mackintosh stopped his monologue and asked, "Could whoever is

making that racket please stop?" At which Eugene did stop but then plunged his biro into the shoulder of the guy on the afore.

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Chapter 3 by Rix Quill



### \*He sees a gun, fully loaded\*

"What the hell?" cried Bernard, who could feel the stabbing pain in his shoulder but couldn't reach the cause of it. Bernard turned round as security guards approached. He saw Eugene. "What have you done, you sick . . ."

Two enormous men grabbed hold of Bernard and pulled him along the row of seats towards one of the exits. Eugene got up and followed. "It's him you want, not me," Bernard pleaded, nodding in Eugene's direction. "I think he's stabbed me."

As the group neared the exit and Mackintosh continued with his lecture, Bernard noticed a revolver in the belt of one of the guards, presumably fully loaded. As that security officer stretched to open the exit door, Bernard seized his opportunity and pulled the weapon from its place on the belt.

"You bastard bully," Bernard shouted, and he quickly aimed the gun at Eugene and fired twice. A woman screamed and there was general panic among the audience as people ran from the sound of gunfire. Eugene stood frozen like a scarecrow in a field of corn. He looked down expecting to see blood pouring out onto the cobalt blue carpet, but didn't. Nor did he feel any pain.

Bernard's jaw dropped when he looked past Eugene and saw Mackintosh fall front first onto the rostrum, a bullet hole between his eyes spurted blood.

"Get back," Bernard warned the guards and Eugene. He backed up and left the auditorium via the exit door.

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